LITERARY EXAMINER.

The First Bright Day.

Open hall and bower—The Sun is at the gate!
We have been in gloom by Winter bound too long;
O, he cometh proudly—O, he cometh late,
Royal as a Prince, with banner and with song—
Fling the casement wide, and let the glory through;
Sorrow hath departed—Joy is born anew.

I have learned too much to play a doleful string;
Stood too near the grave, with Life's despair to toy;
Turn to me again thy laughing cheek, O Spring!
Let me hear thy waters warbling wild with joy;
Hide with flowers the chains thou never canst undo;
Life is in the meadows—Heaven above is blue!

What are ye who mourn because our Earth is round,
And that babes are born when men are on the bier?
Envy Beauty's locks with hawthorn-garlands bound,
And anoint your own, so scanty and so sere?
I'll not laugh nor weep with thankless churls like you;
Earth is full of gladness—Hope is born anew!

Athenæum.

A Fearful Dream.

Some ninety years ago, there flourished in Glasgow a club of young men, which from the extreme profligacy of its members and the licentiousness of their orgies, was commonly called the Hell Club. Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held one grand annual saturnalia, in which each tried to excel the other in drunkenness and blasphemy; and on these occasions there was no star amongst them whose lurid light was more conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald B., who, endowed with brilliant talents and a handsome person, had held out great promise in his boyhood, and raised hopes which had been completely frustrated by his subsequent reckless dissipations.

One morning, after returning from this annual festival, Mr. Archibald B. having retired to bed, dreamed the following dream:

He fancied that he himself was mounted on a favorite black horse, that he always rode, and that he was proceeding toward his own house—then a country seat embowered by trees, and situated upon a hill, now entirely built over, and forming part of the city—when a stranger, whom the darkness of night prevented his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized his horse's rein, saying, "you must go with me!"

"And who are you?" exclaimed the young man with a volley of oaths, whilst he struggled to free himself.

"That you will see by and by," returned the other, in a tone that excited unaccountable terror in the youth; who, plunging his spurs into his horse, attempted to fly but in vain. However fast the animal flew, the stranger was still beside him, till at length, in his desperate efforts to escape, the rider was thrown; but, instead of being dashed to the earth, as he expected, he found himself falling—falling—falling still, as if sinking into the bowels of the earth.

At length, a period being put to this mysterious descent, he found breath to inquire of his companion, who was still beside him, whither they were going. "Where am I? Where are you taking me?" he exclaimed.

"To hell!" replied the stranger; and immediately interminable echoes repeated the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to hell!"

At length a light appeared, which soon increased to a blaze; but, instead of the cries, and groans, and lamentings, the terrified traveler expected, nothing met his ear but sounds of music, mirth and jollity; and he found himself at the entrance of a superb building, far exceeding any he had seen constructed by human hands. Within, too, what a scene! No amusement, employment, or pursuit of man on earth, but was here being carried on with a vehemence that excited his unutterable amazement. "There the young and lovely still swam through the mazes of the giddy dance! There the panting steed still bore his brutal rider through the excitements of the goaded race! There over the midnight bowl, the intemperate still drawled out the wanton song or maudlin blasphemy! The gambler plied forever his endless game, and the slaves of Mammon toiled through eternity their bitter task; whilst all the magnificence of earth paled before that which now met his view."

He soon perceived that he was amongst old acquaintances, whom he knew to be dead; and each; he observed, was pursuing the object, whatever it was, that had formerly engrossed him; when, finding himself relieved of the presence of his unwelcome conductor, he ventured to address his former friend Mrs. D.—whom he saw sitting, as had been her wont on earth, absorbed at loo—requesting her to rest from the game, and introduce him to the pleasures of the place, which appeared to him to be very unlike what he had expected, and indeed an extremely agreeable one. But with a cry of agony, she answered, that there was no rest in hell; that they must ever toil on at those very pleasures: and innumerable voices echoed through the interminable vaults, "there is no rest in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests, each disclosed in his bosom an ever-burning flame! These, they said, were the pleasures of hell; their choice on earth was now their inevitable doom! In the midst of the horror this scene inspired, his conductor returned, and, at his earnest entreaty restored him again to earth; but, as he quitted him, he said, "Remember! in a year and a day we meet again!"

At this crisis of his dream the sleeper awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from the effect of the dream or of his preceding orgies, he was so unwell as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days; during which period he had time for many serious reflections, which terminated in a resolution to abandon the club and his licentious companions altogether.

He was no sooner well, however, than they flocked around him, bent on recovering so valuable a member of their society; and, having wrung from him a confession of the cause of his defection, which, as may be supposed, appeared to them eminently ridiculous, they soon contrived to make him ashamed of his good resolutions. He joined them again; resumed his former course of life, and when the annual saturnalia came round, he found himself with his glass in his hand at the table; when the president, rising to make the accustomed speech, began with saying, "gentlemen, this being leap-year, it is a year and a day since our last anniversary," &c. &c. The words struck upon the young man's ear like a knell; but, ashamed to expose his weakness to the jeers of his companions, he sat out the feast, plying himself with wine even more liberally than usual, in order to drown his intrusive thoughts; till, in the gloom of a winter's morning, he mounted his horse to ride home. Some hours afterwards, the horse was found, with his saddle and bridle on, quietly grazing by the road-side about half-way between the city and Mr. B's. house; while a few yards off lay the corpse of his master.

Now, as I have said in introducing this story, it is no fiction; the circumstance happened as here related. An account of it was published at the time, but the copies were bought up by the family. Two or three, however, were preserved, and the narrative has been reprinted.—*Mrs. Crowe's Night-side of Nature.*

Chinese Agremens.

Punch is all in his glory, native and to the customs born, though his birth-place, like that of Homer, may be a subject of controversy. Yet I am afraid that to China belongs the glory of having produced Pun-tse—that is the son of an inch: from thence it seems he found his way into Italy under the name of Policinello, but resumed his old appellation on his further travels.

As soon as the effects of the war were over and the trades began to re-collect, Punches in numbers flocked in, and were great favorites among the sailors. Gong and triangle answered the purposes of drum and pan-pipes. The twang of voice, "roity toity," was the same that I have often heard on Ascott Heath; Judy, mad with the same harsh usage from her loving lord; Toby too was there; but the Devil introducing a huge green dragon to devour him, bones and all, was the only innovation of importance.

Immediately under a huge, highly-painted scene of battle, stands a fellow with inflated cheeks, trying to outsound a gong which he is beating with all his might; under the picture are small holes for ocular demonstrations of the mysteries within; and the bended forms of some juveniles show that all his wind and noise is not expended for nothing—which may mean, "Look a little further, and you will see the discomfiture of the Barbarian Eye, by the son of Heaven's General his Excellency How-now, Master General of the Ceremonies, Director of the Gabel, and Tamer of the Sons of the Western Ocean." * * *

In addition to the shops, the frequented streets and populous villages are supplied with traveling trades of every kind besides; the tea gardens and squares are filled with astrologers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, peep-shows, jugglers, Punch, dentists, quacks—in short, all the drugs on the purse to be found in other countries. The most useful of these is the walking restaurateur. His apparatus is of the most compact order, all lightly balanced on his back with one hand, while with the other he teazes a fire, and goes from place to place crying his various prepared dishes, until his progress be arrested by some hungry traveler. His whole apparatus, which may be six feet high; by nine long, is almost entirely made of bamboo. Besides the one in which he walks, there are two perpendicular divisions: on the top of that before him are the basins, plates, &c.; then the supply of wood, below which is the fire-place and kitchen, consisting of an iron pan, covered over by a wooden tub, and let into light plaster-work upon the fire: thus he boils, stews; or fries, according to the taste of the customer: in the other divisions are the meats, vegetables, &c., besides a quantity of gaudy China-ware, containing the dried herbs, peppers, &c., required. For a very trifling sum, the laborer can here procure a hearty meal without leaving his work, as the restaurateur hovers about all places where most needed, * * *

The dentist no sooner pitches his tent on arriving than he unfolds to the admiring crowd a huge scroll, on which, at the left side, are set forth his home, place of birth, &c.; the rest of the scroll speaks of his skill in cleaning, curing, and extracting teeth, and knowledge of the mouth in general; if this fail to obtain a customer, he opens box after box, producing hundreds of human teeth, on which he lectures; declaring each large and more decayed tooth to have belonged to a prince, duke, or high mandarin, who honored him with his patronage, and saved himself from the most terrific tortures. Should a bystander at last be attracted and offer his mouth for inspection, the instruments are produced, and if extraction be required it is done with much expertness; he shows the instrument to the crowd, describes its use and power, and, as an illustration of it, draws the tooth, while the sufferer imagines he is merely going to show how he would do it; if cleaning is required, he exhibits his instruments one by one, and using each, keeps up a chant and lecture alternately. After the operation is performed, he recommenhs his powders: I tried several, and detected a strong mixture of camphor in all. Thus he continues; until, having remained a short space without a customer, he packs up, and moves to another convenient spot.—*Forbe's China.*

The Rights of Labor.

Labor? What a debt of gratitude, of gratitude unpaid; and, I fear, too often unthought of, does the handwriting on the wall mark up against us at the very mention of the word? Labor! What has it not effected, what is it not constantly effecting for us! Labor ploughs and digs and tills and cultivates the ground, and sows and reaps and gathers into barns, and grinds the corn. Labor builds the ship and sails across the ocean, and penetrates the most distant climes, and encounters dangers and faces difficulties, and ransacks sea and land, to provide the food which we consume, and the clothes which we wear, and the jeweled ornaments which fashion calls for as an offering on its shrine. Labor erects the house, cuts the railway and the canal, bores the tunnel, rears the viaduct and the bridge, levels the mountain, pierces the rock. It weaves and spins, toils and works, plies the loom, strikes the anvil, thunders at the forge, wields the hammer, sinks the mine, raises the coal, and accomplishes everything, from the monster cable of the noblest of our wooden walls to the most delicate of silken threads in a lady's work-box, and from the loftiest pile of architecture to the scarcely perceptible eye of the smallest needle for which it is intended. In short, as the Elephant, with the same trunk, tears down the stoutest tree in the forest and picks up a pin from the ground, so does labor procure for us the greatest and the least, the most important and the most minute, of the necessaries of life, ministers to our luxuries, increases our comforts, and, with its ever inventive and untiring ingenuity, constantly widens the sources of our enjoyments and amusements. Well, be it so, it may be some cold and calculating nature will reply; and what then? If labor works for us, do we not pay it for its work, and there does not the mutual obligation end? This is a most miserable way of looking at the matter and no way of settling it at all. Humanity should not keep such a close debtor and creditor account with man. Property, we have been told, "has its duties as well as its rights;" and, in like manner, inverting the maxim, I would say, that labor has its rights, as well as its duties, and one of its strongest claims upon us, I think, is, that we should not only "give a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," but also provide it the school, the library, and the institute, with a fair day's recreation when its fair day's work is done.—*Speech of the Rev. James Aspinall, at Huddersfield.*

Woman in the Middle Classes.

Leaving these classes—in which a deficient education, habitual endurance, or an hereditary low organization, may be supposed to deaden the sense of suffering,—let us go a step higher, to the classes immediately above them; attorneys and apothecaries, tradesmen and shopkeepers, bankers and merchants' clerks, &c. In this class more than two-thirds of the women are now obliged to earn their bread. This is an obligation which the advance of civilization, no less than the pressure of the times, has forced upon them; an obligation of which womankind, in the long-run, will not have reason to complain. Meanwhile, it is not of her just share of hardship, in hard times, that the woman complains at present; but she may well think it a peculiar hardship, a cruel mockery, that while such an obligation is laid upon her, and the necessity and the severity of the labor increases every day, her capabilities are limited by law—or custom, strong as law—or prejudice stronger than either—to one or two departments, while, in every other, the door is shut against her. Her education instructs her to love and adorn her home—'the woman's *proper* sphere,'—cultivates her affections refines her sensibilities, gives her no higher aim but to please man, 'her protector;' and allows her no other ambition than to become a good wife and mother. Thus prepared, or rather unprepared, her destiny sends her forth into the world to toil and endure as though she had nerves of iron. She must learn to protect herself, or she is more likely to be the victim and the prey of her 'protector, man,' than his helpmate and companion. She cannot soothe his toils; for, like him, she must toil: to live, she must work,—but, by working, can she live?

It ought to be no question whether those who are able and willing to work can live by their work,—but here it is a question.—In these middle classes, the opportunities afforded to men to gain a living are, compared with those of the women, as ten to one; yet the men tell us that the competition is so great, they find it difficult to maintain themselves, and to maintain a wife and children next to impossible. The increasing number of unmarried men, with their reading clubs, mechanic's institutes—we will say nothing of taverns, theatres, and other places of social resort—argues, of course, an increasing number of unmarried females, who not only have no opportunities of mutual improvement and social recreation, but if they be 'respectable' women, cannot even walk through the streets without being subjected to the insults of men, also called and esteemed 'respectable;' and who are destined never to be either wives or mothers, though they have heard from their infancy that such, by the appointment of God, is their vocation in this world, and no other. Such may be their vocation, but such is not their destiny; no, they must go forth to labor; to encounter on every side strange iron prejudices, adverse institutions formed and framed in a social state, quite different from that which exists at present—a state in which the position of women was altogether different from what it is now.

"And she sums up her illustrations by exclaiming, with a righteous womanly indignation:"

This, then, is what I mean when I speak of the anomalous condition of women in these days. I would point out as a primary source of incalculable mischief, the contradiction between her assumed and her real position; between what is called her proper sphere by the laws of God and nature, and what has become her real sphere by the laws of necessity, and through the complex relations of artificial existence. In the strong language of Carlyle, I would say that 'here is a LIE, standing up in the midst of society.' I would say, 'Down with it, even to the ground;' for while this perplexed and barbarous anomaly exists, fretting like an ulcer at the very heart of society, all mere specifics and palliatives are in vain. The question must be settled one way or another; either let the man in all the relations of life be held the natural guardian of the woman—constrained to fulfil that trust—responsible to society for her well-being and her maintenance; or if she be liable to be thrust from the sanctuary of home to provide for herself through the exercise of such faculties as God has given her, let her at least have fair play; let it not be avowed in the same breath that protection is necessary to her, and that it is refused to her; and while we send her forth into the desert, and bind the burthen on her back, and put the staff into her hand, let not her steps be beset, her limbs fettered, and her eyes blindfolded.

[*Mrs. Jameson's Essays, &c.*

Books on Woman.

All books, all arguments, all legislation, of which woman is the subject, declare as a first principle, and assume as an admitted fact, that in every class of christian society there is what is called *domestic life;* that this domestic life supposes as its primary element the presence, the cares, the devotion of woman. Her sphere is *home,* her vocation the maternal; not meaning thereby the literal bringing forth of children, but the nourishing, cherishing, and teaching of the young. In all the relations between the sexes, she is the refiner and comforter of man. It is hers to keep alive all these purer, gentler, and more genial sympathies,—those refinements in morals, in sentiments, in manners, without which man, exposed to the rougher influences of every-day life, and in the struggle with this selfish world, might degenerate (*do* degenerate—for the case is not hypothetical) into mere brutes. Such is the beautiful theory of the woman's existence, preached to her by moralist's, sung to her by poets, till it has become the world's creed—and her own faith, even in the teeth of fact and experience! Let man, the bread-winner, go abroad—let woman stay at *home.* Let her not be seen in the haunts of rude labor any more than in those of vicious pleasure; for is she not *the mother?* highest, holiest, dearest title to the respect and the tenderness of her 'protector, *man!*' All this sounds so very trite, one is ashamed of the repetition. Who has ever questioned the least of these truths, or rather truisms? No one;—the only wonder is, that while they are accepted, promulgated, taught as indisputable, the real state of things is utterly at variance with them; and they are but lying common-places at best.—*Mrs. Jameson's Essays, &c.*

[From Graham's Magazine.]

Poetry.

To me the world's an open book
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;
I read it in the running brook
That sings its way toward the sea;
It whispers in the leaves of trees,
The swelling grain—the waving grass,
And in the cool fresh evening breeze,
That crisps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below—the stars above,
In all their bloom and brightness given,
Are, like the attributes of love,
The poetry of earth and heaven.
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,
And all the world with poetry.

MORRIS.

Fire on the Mountain.

A little before sunset I descended the mountain to the springs; and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of cold water, I lay down on the rock by the side of the water and fell asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set; but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry dust upon its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and ceders hissed and cracked as the flame, reaching them, ran up their trunks and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long, waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules with stretched ropes were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had not time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long, dry grass was soon a sheet of flame; but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides, I dashed him at the burning brush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the burning barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting mule, singed and smoaking, was by my side, and the others close behind her.

On all sides I was surrounded by fire.—The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the banks were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backward into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little further down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the mules, dashed through the fire, and got safely through the line of blazing brush.—*Ruxton's Adventures in Mexico, &c,*

Trappers.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beast of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple, and as freely, as they expose their own. Of laws human or divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and, to attain it, they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and a blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of calling hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards, (when the wherewithal is to be had,) gamblers, regardless of the law of *meum* and *tuum*—in fact, "white Indians." However, there are exceptions, and I *have* met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert, in the use of their weapons, they are just what civilized white men might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the "far west" but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the Colorado of the west, from the frozen regions of the north to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. 'All the vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the Western Country.—*Ruxton's Adventures in Mexico &c.*

Bornese Spider.

The spiders, so disgusting in appearance in many other countries, are of quite a different nature, and are the most beautiful of the insect tribe. They have a skin of shell-like texture, furnished with curious processes, in some long, in others short, in some few, in others numerous; but are found of this description only in thick woods and shady places; their colors are of every hue, brilliant and metallic as the feathers of the humming-bird, but are, unlike the bright colors of the beetle, totally dependant on the life of the insect which they beautify; so that it is impossible to preserve them.—*Marryatt's Borneo.*

Voltaire's Character of Cromwell.

Cromwell is described as a man who was an imposter all his life. I can scarcely believe it. I conceive that he was at first an enthusiast, and that he afterwards made his fanaticism instrumental to his greatness. An ardent novice at twenty often becomes an accomplished rogue at forty. In the great game of human life, men begin with being dupes, and end in becoming knaves. A statesman engages as his almoner a monk, entirely made up of the details of his convent—devout, credulous, awkward perfectly new to the world; he acquires information, polish, finesse, and supplants his master.—*Philosoph. Dictionary.*

A Fish Story.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, held recently some most extraordinary statements relative to the instinct of the brute creation, were made by a visitor, one Dr. Warwick. From the following specimen we should think he might venture on an extension of the *Arabian Night's Entertainments,* with every prospect of success. He said that when he resided at Dunham, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, he was walking one evening in the park, and came to a pond where fish, intended for the table, were temporarily kept. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing it struck its head against a tenter hook in a post, (of which there were several in the pond, placed to prevent poaching,) and, as it afterwards appeared, fractured its skull, and turned the optic nerve on one side. The agony evinced by the animal was most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round with such velocity that it was almost lost to sight for a short interval. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water on to the bank. He (the doctor) went an examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding from a fracture in the skull. He carefully replaced this, and with a small silver tooth-pick, raised the indented portion of the skull. The fish remained still for a short time, and he then put it again into the pond. It appeared at first a good deal relieved, but in a few minutes it again darted and plunged about until it threw itself out of the water a second time. A second time Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate. Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him to the edge of the water. and actually laid its head upon his foot. The doctor thought this most extraordinary, but he examined the fish's skull, and found it going on all right He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but, being blind on the wounded side of the skull, it always appeared agitated when it had that side towards the bank, as it could not see its benefactor. On the next day he took some young friends down to see the fish, which came to him as usual, and at length he actually taught the pike to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. With other persons it continued as shy as fish usually are. He (Dr. Warwick) thought this a most remarkable instance of gratitude in a fish for a benefit received, and as it always came at his whistle, it proved also what he had previously, with other naturalists, disbelieved, that fishes are sensible to sound.—*Liverpool Albion.*

The Leviathan.

And having affirmed all things to be his, he returns to the leviathan; and we are here presented with a truly magnificent description of him. It is most interesting to mark this delightful contemplation by God of his own works—thus stamping a warrant of sacredness on our tasteful admiration of them; as of the parts, and the power, and the comely proportion of this noble creature. Who can approach or come so near as to put the bridle into him? * * * What a *vis poetica* in the trait of his laughing at the shaking of a spear! So impenetrable is the lining of his body that he can lie with ease on the sharp stones that are under him, or as if in ostentation of his hardness, is represented in spreading them beneath him upon the mire. And the effect of his movement in the waters is given with great strength of imagery and expression—raising such a commotion there as to make the sea like a boiling pot. The electric luminousness that is exhibited by these agitations is here again adverted to; and there is immense power in the feature that "one would think the deep to be hoary." It is made white and foamy, like curled and white hair, by the number of bells which ascend from his path, and by which, though himself unseen, one might trace his progress through the deep. Although he is unrivalled, and stands in fear of nothing—the proudest of the proud, or one so superior in strength and greatness to the proud ones of the earth, that they might well be humbled in the contemplation of him. There are various conjectures respecting Leviathan, whether he be whale or crocodile. It is truly a gorgeous representation that is here given of him; nor is the last trait the least impressive, where he is represented as looking down upon all things, and as king over all the children of pride.—*Dr. Chalmer's Daily Scripture Readings.*

The Death of Abraham.

The death of this truly magnificant personage—whose biography is altogether worthy of the father of the faithful—is recorded in suitable terms of venerable simplicity, quite in keeping with his character as the greatest of the patriarchs. He gave up the ghost, died in a good old age, an old man full of years, and, most touching of all, both in simplicity and force—was gathered to his people. I feel convinced, from the effect of my now more special attention, in sections and piecemeal, to the Bible, that I become far more intimate than before with the character of its recorded personages; and have no doubt that the biography of Scripture, if more fully studied, would be found not only replete with moral instructions, but would contribute to build up a distinct evidence for the truth of the Scripture.

How I love the cadence of such descriptions as are given in the instances both of Abraham and Ishmael of their respective latter ends—gathered unto his people!—*Dr. Chalmer's Daily Scripture Readings.*

Thorwaldsen—His First Love.

It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate Thetis, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride; he took an honest, open-hearted farewell, and said, "Now that I am going to my travels, you shall not be bound to me; if you keep true to me, I will to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated; and they met again, many, many years afterwards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence—when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning—there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window; it was she.—*Andersen.*

Families of Literary Men.

The Quarterly Review, in discussing an objection to the Copyright Bill of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, which was taken by Sir Edward Sugden, gives some very curious particulars about the progeny of literary men. "We are not," says the writer, "going to speculate about the causes of the fact, but a fact it is, that men distinguished for extraordinary intellectual power of any sort, rarely leave more than a very brief line of progeny behind them. Men of genius have scarcely ever done so; men of imaginative genius, we might say, almost never. With the one exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot at this moment point out a representative in the male line, even so far down as the third generation, of any English poet; and we believe the case is the same in France. The blood of beings of that order can seldom be traced far down even in the female line. With the exception of Surrey and Spencer, we are not aware of any great English author of at all remote date, from whose body any living person claims to be descended. There is no other real English poet prior to the middle of the eighteenth century, and we believe no great author of any sort, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury, of whose blood we have any inheritance amongst us. Chaucer's only son died childless; Shakespeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter.

None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; nor Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Cowley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his blood. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Gray, Walpole, Cavendish, (and we might greatly extend the list) never married. Neither Bolingbroke; nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Johnson, nor Burke, transmitted their blood. M. Renouard's last argument against a perpetuity in literary property is, that it would be founding another noblesse. Neither jealous aristocracy nor envious jacobinism need be under much alarm. When a human race has produced its "bright consummate flower" in this kind, it seems commonly to be near its end.

Poor Goldsmith might have been mentioned in the above list. The theory is illustrated in our own day. The two greatest names in science and in literature, of our time, were Davy and Walter Scott. The first died childless. Sir Walter left four children, of whom three are dead; only one of whom (Mrs. Lockhart) leaving issue; and the fourth, (his eldest son,) though living, and long married has no issue. These are curious facts.

Virgin Loveliness.

"Save the grey Augur (since the unconscious child
Sprang to the last kiss of her dying sire)
Those eyes by man's rude presence undefiled,
Had deepened into woman's. As a lyre
Hung on unwitnessed boughs, amidst the shade,
And but to air her soul its music made.

"Fair was her prison, walled with woven flowers
In a soft isle embraced by softest waters,
Linnet and lark the sentries to the towers,
And for the guard Etruria's infant daughters;
But stronger far than walls, the antique law,
And more than hosts, religion's shadowy awe.

"Thus lone, thus reverenced, the young virgin grew
Into the age, when on the heart's calm wave
The light winds tremble, and emotions new
Steal to the peace departing childhood gave,
When for the vague Beyond the captive pines,
And the soul misses—what it scarce divines."

King Arthur, by the author of new Timon.

Saul.

Then comes another of the endless rebellions of this people. It is truly instructive to find in their history the verification of the important lesson—the power and ascendancy of an individual mind over the masses. How often do we find both the character and prosperity of the nation to flourish with the presence of a good judge or ruler; and how often their decline in both respects to be associated with the absence of their functionaries. It is true that the regal part of their history, when the monarchy was never vacant, their degeneracies, and consequent adversities, were associated, not with the want of a prince, but with the rule of a bad one, which confirms all the more a law of vast importance in human affairs—the power of single men over large aggregates of their species.

Thus terminates the dark and tragical history of Saul. One's heart bleeds for him. There were good sensibilities about him, distempered as he was; and carried by the influences of his morbid jealousies and fears to fearful atrocities of conduct. Yet his delinquencies and crimes were the result more of impulses and brooding imaginations than of aught like deep or deliberate villany. His sun set in darkness on Mount Gilboa, where the sorely wounded man put an end to his own life, and with his own hand made over his dead body to the wanton outrage of his enemies. What a degredation to Israel, to have the mangled relics of their monarch set forth in triumph from the wall of one of their captured towns, now in possession of the idolatrous Philistines! * * Jabesh-gilead stands signalized now for the third time in Scripture history. It here repairs the disgrace which had fallen upon it from not joining with the rest of Israel in wiping off the national scandal that had been inflicted by the tribe of Benjamin. Their present exploit was a high act of patriotism and honor. * * * What a catastrophe for poor Jonathan—one of the most truly lovable of our Scripture characters! Had his life been spared, it might have told on the future history of the nation, and certainly not so as to harmonize with the designs of that wise Providence which withdrew him from the scene.—*Dr. Chalmer's Daily Scripture Readings.*

The Wit of Sarcasm.

To be sarcastic is thought by some people a proof of ability. Such individuals are like a pack of Chinese crackers thrown into a crowd, continually exploding in every direction, but with greater noise than injury. There is more ill-breeding than wit in a sarcasm; and more ill-nature than either. True wit does not consist in abuse, but in profound wisdom tersely expressed. Nothing, therefore, can be further from wit than sarcasm, and where they go together, one is pressed into the service, and is not a legitimate ally,

Nevertheless, we know many, mostly young persons, who set up for wits on the score of sarcasm. They are usually very conceited, or very foolish, or very unamiable individuals; and by no means the terror to others they imagine. Persons of sense are no more affected by their sarcasms than mastiffs are by the yelp of a lap-dog. A real wit never condecends to reply to them. We have known many of such sarcastic persons in our experience, and always found they cured themselves of this childish habit as soon as they grew up, or if they did not, that they remained children in their tempers to the end of their career. It is a mean sort of revenge that seeks to gall another's feelings by sarcasm. For where it chances to be successful, it is like the copper shot of the Mexicans, which gangrenes the wound.

We frequently hear young persons at a party make sarcastic remarks on those who enter. There is here, perhaps, not so much ill will, as ill-breading, not so much spleen at others as a desire to display ourselves. It is a sort of verbal harlequinism got up to raise a laugh. The would be wits in this case are like the monkey in a red coat at the menagerie, who rides the ring and plays his antics to amuse the children rather than people of sense. When young gentlemen are the actors, they are generally forward and conceited slips of boys cultivating moustaches, and stretching themselves up in company to appear like men. But when young ladies are the offenders, they will frequently be found not very pretty, or not very amiable looking; and though they usually attract hearers, they make few fast friends, for every one is fearful lest they should turn out shrews. We may be amused at seeing a crowd run from a chaser, but we have no fancy to be chased ourselves. One enjoys the fun of beholding others take up nettles, but is very careful not to touch the sting. Hence the wisdom of the common saying that sarcastic women are rarely married. Though willing enough to laugh at others, men do not care to be made butts themselves. Moreover, a long practice in this habit, gives a person insensibly a splenetic mind, so that what was taken up to give zest to conversation, is too apt to end in spoiling the temper. Tartness would seem to be infectious. People grow sour and sarcastic together.

Chinese Agriculture.

If there be one thing that the genius of of this extraordinary people has brought nearer to perfection than another, it is the cultivation of the soil. The economy of their agriculture is beautiful; the whole country presents the appearance of one continued garden; no large commons starving a few miserable horses, nor parks and chases laid waste for the special purpose of breeding rabbits, are to be met with; the land is meant to feed and clothe the people, and to that use its powers are directed. Not an inch of soil is lost that can be made useful by the most laborious and apparently unpromising industry, save only such parts as are set aside for burial-grounds. Swamps are drained by canals, which carry the superfluous waters where they are turned to profitable account in enriching land that otherwise would not be productive. Hills are terraced to the summits, and the banks of rivers and shores of the sea recede and leave flourishing farms to reward the enterprise of man. I know nothing that would be likely to be more valuable from this country than the report of an experienced and scientific farmer, could such be induced to bestow a short time in traveling to China and making its agriculture his study.—*Forbes' China.*

Hanging Judges.

Buller was said always to hang for sheep-stealing, avowing as a reason that he had several sheep stolen from his own flock. Heath, acting more on principle, used to hang in all capital cases, because he knew of no secondary punishment. Said he, "If you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown upon you again, hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies, and sow the seed of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regenerating of felons in this life, and for their own sake, as well as for the sake of society, I think it is better to hang." When sitting in the crown court at Gloucester, he asked a lying witness from what part of the country he came, and being answered, "From Bitton, my lord," he exclaimed, "You do seem to be of the Bitton breed, but I thought I had hanged the whole of that parish long ago."—*Lord Campbell's Chancellors.*

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Prairie Farmer, April, 1848.

THE MOCHO HOGS.—Messrs. Editors: I wish to correct a trifling mistake or two made by yourself in the February number of the Farmer in reference to the Mocho hogs. The article states that the pigs attain their growth at six months, and then may be fattened to weigh 200 or 250 lbs. The fact is, they usually attain their growth at about seven or eight months, and when well kept will at that age weigh from 200 to 250 lbs., and I think may easily be made to come up to 300 at nine months. They require but one half the keeping that the common breeds do, not to say any thing of the land pikes, one of which would starve on the feed that would fatten two of these fit for market. I have one at present that it would be difficult to improve in beauty of form. She is borne up scarce three inches from the ground by her short legs, and is estimated to weigh at the age of six months 200 to 250 lbs. No man can obtain a correct idea of the animal unless he sees it; and any judicious pork raiser would soon part with all other kinds for the Mocho. The greatest truble is to keep them from fattening too fast. Ours will keep fat on four or five ears of corn per day at the age of eight months, and is good pork, and always has been fit for the knife.

SILAS STEVENS.

Half-day, March, 1848.

BUGS ON VINES.—Messrs. Editors: My plan of preserving my melon and cucumber vines from the depredations of the striped bugs, is—some ten or twenty days before I plant my seeds for melons and cucumbers, I plant promiscuously a plenty of squash and pumpkin seeds in and about the melon patch. The bugs will find plenty of food on the vigorous growth of the squash and pumpkin, and will pay very little attention to your melons. After my melons are out of the way of the bugs, I cut up the pumpkin and squash vines.

FLOWBOY.

Lasalle co., Ill., March, 1848.—*Ib.*

SPRING BUDDING.—It may not be generally known that fruit trees may be budded as well in the spring as in the summer; but such is the case. This fact is of some importance, especially in reference to peach trees, because they cannot be very successfully grafted, and by budding them in the spring, one year's growth may be gained. The cuttings should be taken, the same as for grafting, and carefully preserved till the trees are so far advanced that the bark will slip freely, when the buds may be cut out and inserted in the usual mode. To make success the more sure, a slight coating of grafting wax may be used; and the stock should be cut off a few inches above the bud. As soon as the bud commences growing, all the natural buds near it should be kept rubbed off.—*Exchange paper.*

HOT LYE A REMEDY FOR THE PEACH BORER.—Mr. J. S., of Stockholm, N. J., writes us that he heard of a well authenticated case, in which a woman, laboring under the maddening influence of jealousy, deliberately took an axe, and levelled to the ground, a fine young orchard she had helped to plant; and being intent, also, upon the destruction of some favorite peach trees, then beginning to decay, she prepared a strong lye and poured it, while hot, about their roots. But what was her surprise, when she found that the trees put forth, flourished, and bore more fruit that year than they were ever known to do before.—*American Agriculturist.*

CARE OF STOCK.—Mr. W. G. B., of Newark, N. J., recommends that pigs have a warm place and a clean dry bed. "A pig," he says, "does not love dirt for dirt's sake, and will thrive much better if kept clean." He further says, "A dirty hide will waste a cow's flesh faster than food will add to it. * * * Curry cows every day and keep them perfectly clean, for filth and thrift are ever opposed."—*Ib.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES GOOD FARMING.—About 2,000 years ago, when the old Roman, Columella, was asked what constituted good farming, he answered, "first, good plowing." On again being asked what came next, he replied, "good plowing;" thus strongly impressing the occasion for good tillage over every other consideration.